

MISTAKES OF WOMEN.

Becoming Merely a Hausfrau is Perhaps the Worst of Them.

How many women wake up too late and realize they have lost their youth and their husband's love by becoming unattractive, soulless household drudges?

I beg of you, do not make a god of housekeeping.

Rather make one of your own appearance.

What if the furniture is not absolutely speckless and free from dirt? What if housecleaning does not take place just on the date appointed for it? Is it not more important that your hair should be nicely waved and arranged when your husband comes home and that you should be wearing a pretty gown?

I have known women to become so exhausted by their household work,



FELL ASLEEP AT THE DINNER TABLE.

most of it superfluous and self imposed, that they were hardly able to keep awake by the time their husbands came home. One woman I know used to fall asleep in her chair at the dinner table. Then she bewailed the fact that her husband spent most of his evenings at the club!

A woman who is a baby worshiper is just as bad.

It is a crime to sacrifice one's life absolutely to a very small child. It makes the child selfish and does great harm to the mother.

Don't give up your music on account of the baby, my dear friend, you who are such a devoted, slavish little mother. Think of your husband's pleasure in it, of your friend's delight in your accomplishments, and make time for them.

The mother who gives up everything for a child never gets thanked—by any one, the child least of all.

Don't neglect your appearance. Wear a good pair of corsets and do your hair nicely. Don't forget to massage your skin before retiring. Do this instead of rocking the baby to sleep. Rocking is bad for the baby and wears you out.

A woman's youth is like a flower—a delicate, beautiful thing. She should take every care of it and make it last as long as she can. A woman's brain is her whole self. It is like committing murder for her to neglect it.

Cheer up, little overworked house mother, and remember you owe yourself a higher duty than you do to your house.

MAUD ROBINSON.

Did the Best He Knew.

Geordie Horn was a character well known among the country folk of the Scotch highlands twenty-five years ago. He belonged to a class rather hard to classify, for he was neither a tramp nor a farm hand, although frequently following the habits of both. Wandering from farm to farm, the greater part of the time he was kindly treated and hospitably entertained generally. While he was a man of unusual strength, he was mentally weak and exceedingly lazy.

"He's a gie cute chiel, though slow in the uptake" (understanding), was the way a good many described him.

One day he arrived at his friend the doctor's and complained of a severe pain in his breast. The doctor handed him a plaster, with instructions to put it on his chest without delay. Geordie gave him one of his knowing looks and took his departure. The doctor met him a few days later and inquired how he was feeling now. Geordie replied, "Nae better." "Did you do as I told you with the plaster?" the doctor went on.

"Weel, no, not exactly. I done the best I could. I didn't have a chest, see I stuck it on my handbox" (hat box).

An Expensive Dollar.

Not long ago in this town a kind friend of the family gave one of the kids a dollar. Of course it was too

much to let the kid get out and spend for candy and gum, so it was religiously put up on the sideboard or some other safe place to be kept—just for what the deponent saith not. In about a week the juvenile owner of the big round coin remarked at the breakfast table, "Papa, mamma spent my dollar yesterday." The head of the house took the hint and fished up another dollar, which, like its predecessor, was placed in a good safe place to keep.

During the next month by a carefully tabulated record which he kept on his cuff he repaid this elusive dollar just thirteen times. So at the end of the month you will not be surprised to learn that our friend sent the donor of the original dollar this curt note:

Dear Sir—Inclosed you will find a check for \$1. It's the dollar you gave our youngster. I return it simply to avoid bankruptcy. Already it has cost me somewhere between fifteen and twenty.

—Lamah (Mo.) Democrat.

He Would Return.

Marlow was three years old. One day his mother said to him, "Now, Marlow, you may go outdoors to play for awhile, but if I see you crossing the street to play with that naughty little boy Willie Burr again I'll give you a hard, hard spanking."

Half an hour later the mother looked out after her boy and saw him playing with Willie Burr. She raised the window and called with forced gentleness: "Marlow, come here to me!"

Marlow came, but as he did so he turned to his companion and said:

"You stay wight here, Willie. I'm doin' in to det spanked. I'll be wight back."—Dellneator.

Catching Rats.

The best way to catch rats is to put any animal substance, well perfumed with oil of rhodium, into a trap. This induces them to enter readily and even draws them from a considerable distance, as they are extremely partial to this oil. An ounce of oil of rhodium will cost you 50 cents. Catnip to a cat is nothing like rhodium to a rat. Oil of rhodium is made from a species of blindweed and is used in perfumery.—New York Press.

The Wrong Shoulder.

In a timber yard two workmen were carrying a large piece of wood when the manager, who happened to come up at the time, accosted one of them. "Joe," said he, "you've got that batten upon the wrong shoulder."

"I know that," was the ready reply. "It should be upon yours!"—London Scraps.

Extending Zone.

"Teacher says," exclaimed the precocious child, "that we live in the temperate zone."

"Yes," answered Colonel Stilwell, "and if these Prohibitionists keep going it'll be worse than that."—Washington Star.

Worrying.

Worrying is one of the greatest drawbacks to happiness. Most of it can be avoided if we only determine not to let trifles annoy us, for the largest amount of worrying is caused by the smallest trifles.

Let him who has bestowed a benefit be silent. Let him who received it tell of it.—Seneca.

Blunders of the Types.

Ever since the introduction of typesetting errors, weird or comical, have emanated from printers' offices. The mistakes are not always to be shouldered on to the compositor, for bad handwriting must be taken into account. Here are a few instances of actual blunders collected by a proofreader in the course of his daily work:

"His blushing bride" was transformed into "his blustering bride."

A major was stated to have "served with destruction in the army." The writer thought he used the word "distinction."

"The Galley I Love" was the description of a picture entitled "The Galley Slave."

Speaking of theatrical folk, a critic wrote that "nearly all have husbands or wives." The paragraph printed read "hundreds of wives."

"They sailed for three days around the cape and finally slaughtered a small Italian" should have been "sighted a small island."

One more in conclusion. "He takes delight in talking on his family shame" was a shameful thing to say when "favorite theme" was meant.

A Three Legged Bison.

In 1867 Small Eyes, a Blackfoot who had come down from the north and joined the Arapahoes and lived with them, told Black Kettle, a Cheyenne in George Bent's lodge, about having killed, between the Cimarron and Beaver creek, a tributary of the north fork of the Canadian, a buffalo bull which had only one hind leg. According to Small Eyes' story, it did not appear that the bull had lost one of its hind legs, but rather that it never had had more than one. The hind leg was very large, seemed to be in the middle of the body instead of at one side, and there was no sign of any missing leg. It looked as if the two hind legs

which the buffalo ordinarily has had in some way fused together.

The war party with which Small Eyes was traveling was passing along near a hollow when the bull came up out of it, and some of the men ran ahead, got around it and shot it with a gun. It was not able to run fast, but rather hobbled along.—Forest and Stream.

Saved by a Photograph.

A very remarkable incident occurred at Rio de Janeiro.

A passenger on board one of the large liners took a photograph of the harbor. It included a small yacht which had sailed in the morning with two men in her, but returned in the evening with one only. The survivor said his companion had fallen overboard, but his statement was not believed. He was tried and sentenced to death. The matter had by this time come to the ears of the photographer, who remembered that the picture had been taken on the day of the "crime" (or accident) and that the scene embraced a yacht. On examining the print more carefully he noticed a small speck on the sail and in order to determine what it was had an enlargement made. It proved to be the figure of a man falling. It was shown to the authorities at once, and the condemned man was released.

Dropsical Oysters.

With a sneer the oyster opener pointed to a brownish smear upon a Saddle Rock shell.

"Some fool," said he, "has been trying to fatten up a batch of Saddle Rocks with cornmeal. You might as well try to invigorate flowers with corned beef hash. But it is a common error to believe that cornmeal or oatmeal will fatten oysters. I continually find oysters with their shells stained with those grains. It makes me laugh. As a matter of fact, there is no such thing as fattening oysters. All you can do is swell them up with water, precisely the same as water swells a sponge. You put them in fresh water, watch, being less dense than the soft they are accustomed to, by the principle of osmosis penetrates and distends their tissues—gives them, as you might say, dropsy. For my part, I don't like fattened oysters."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Wrong Horse.

Bridget had been in America only a few months, but she believed in the principle of pretending to know what she ought to know. She had been engaged as laundry girl in a small family of well to do people. When asked if she understood all the details of her work she unhesitatingly replied, "Sure I do, ma'am."

Her mistress was not quite satisfied, however, and while she was busy with her first washing looked in upon her. Bridget seemed to be doing all right, and she left without offering suggestions.

Next morning the ironing was in order, and Bridget was hard at it when her mistress looked in to say, "As you get the clothes ironed, just throw them over the horse."

"All right, ma'am," the busy laundry

girl replied without stopping to raise her eyes from her work in hand.

The laundry room was located in an outhouse adjoining the barn, and occasionally the neighing of the family horse and the merry voice of Bridget resounded throughout the house.

Returning to the laundry house a couple of hours later, the lady could scarcely believe her eyes nor restrain her mirth when she beheld the family horse, standing patiently beside Bridget, loaded down with newly ironed sheets, pillowcases, tablecloths and lace trimmed waists and skirts. With an anxious look on her honest face Bridget observed, "I'm glad you've come, ma'am, for I'll have to have another horse."

The Wickedest Bit of Sea.

Nine out of ten travelers would tell inquirers that the roughest piece of water is that cruel stretch in the English channel, and nine out of ten travelers would say what was not true. As a matter of fact, "the wickedest bit of sea" is not in the Dover strait or in yachting, for example, from St. Jean de Luz up to Pauillac or across the Mediterranean "race" from Cadix to Tangier, nor is it in rounding Cape Horn, where there is what sailors call a "true" sea. The "wickedest sea" is encountered in rounding the Cape of Good Hope for the eastern ports of Cape Colony.

What a Scotsman Wears.

A Scottish correspondent, signing himself "Haggis," writes to us as follows:

Dear Sir—Please state in your column that a Scotsman wears a kilt, not kilts. Thus Harry Lauder went to amuse the king clad in a kilt, not in kilts.

We regret to say that we find ourselves unable to accede to our correspondent's request. Respect for truth compels us to state that a Scotsman almost invariably wears neither a kilt nor kilts, but trousers.—London News.

Quite of Her Opinion.

"Oh, I did so want to have a talk with you! I'm simply mad to go on the stage!" exclaimed a gushing young lady to a popular actor.

"Yes, I should think you would be, my dear young lady!" remarked the great histrion.

Consistent.

"Why do you wear a yachting cap, dear boy? It's your brother that owns the yacht."

"Very true, old chap. This is me brother's cap."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Beauty is part of the finished language which goodness speaks.—Elliot.

Mind Your Business.

If you don't nobody will. It is your business to keep out of all the trouble you can and you can and will keep out of liver and bowel trouble if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They keep biliousness, malaria and jaundice out of your system. 25c. at Ed Greene's drug store.

A fresh shipment of National Biscuit Co's. "crackers" at The Bridge Store

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The great danger of kidney trouble is that they get a firm hold before a sufferer recognizes them. Health gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, stiffness, lumbago, urinary troubles, diabetes and Bright's disease follow a merciless succession. Don't neglect your kidneys. Cure the kidneys with the certain and safe remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills, which has cured right here in Arcadia.

Herbert C. King, Retired, Oak Arcadia, Fla., says: "I was troubled for quite a time by backache and in my sides. Added to this was irregularity in the action of the secretions which was very annoying. Having Doan's Kidney Pills brought my attention, I procured a box of Harry Cross' drug store and brought me such thorough relief that I have not had a sign of kidney disease since. I do not hesitate to recommend this valuable remedy to any person afflicted with kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 25c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—take no other.

How is your Digestion?

Mrs. Mary Dowling of No. 224 Ave., San Francisco, recommends Electric Bitters for stomach trouble. She writes: "Gratitude for the wonderful effect of Electric Bitters in a case of acute indigestion, prompts this testimonial. I am fully convinced that for all liver troubles Electric Bitters is the best remedy on the market. This great tonic and alterative medicine invigorates the system, purifies the blood and is especially helpful in all forms of female weakness. 50c. at Greene's drug store."

Watched Fifteen Years

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Ointment and it has never failed to cure any boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved my many a bill," says A. E. Hardy, of San Francisco. 25c. at Ed Greene's drug store.